Which no Valgur Pour of Broken Bones Canid Trammel.

"The business of the stage known to actors as the 'back fall,'" said a well-known member of the theatrical profession, "has more terror o the actor and is attempted with more ap pr-hension than any other mechanical neces-sity of the art. There are few persons on the age, no matter how long and arduous their experience has been, who can do it, or who will ittempt it. I heard Will Stuart say once that a famous star actress had told him that she would give her month's receiptr, and they were then among the thousands, if she was able to do the back fall successfully, as its effect on an audience is tremendous. But the apcertainty that to attempt it would result in a broken neck or back always deterred her, as it has every other actress, from making any effort to master the accomplishment-and

I never saw but one man on the stage who wasn't afraid to do it, and that was Joe Nagle. I guess every old actor remembers 'Back-fall Joe.' His stamping ground was the untamed West, but he has played in this city, in the heaviest of heavy parts, at the old Bowery Theatre, and later at Wood's Museum. I can't say whether Joe is alive yet or not, but I never heard of his death, and dare say that he is delighting his particularly appreciative audiences somewhere in the West, where he was always an immense favorite in the lurid drama. He was way above the average melodramatic per-

somewhere in the West, where he was alwars an immense favorite in the lurid drama. He was way above the average melodramatic performers, and with the effective back fall to help him he always brought down the house.

"Joe Nagle was a man over ix feet high, and his gigantic frame was splendidly filled out. He was as straight as an Indian, and to see that great form of his toppling over and falling backward, as stiff as a falling tree, and with no more apparent power of resistance to, or consciousness of, the fall than a tree would have, was something so startlingly realistic that it never failed to drive even the coldest audience frantic. He would come down with a thud that showed plainly there was no noneenes about the fall, but at the same time he caught all his weight on his hands, the same as an actor does in the ordinary every-day fall on the stage.

"Whenever Nagle was to play in a strange company he always rebarreed this back fall to the members, so that they might become used to it, as he knew if he spraing it on 'em without warning it would break them up for the whole performance. But even after the perilous acroping the fall that they would involuntarily start forward with outsiretched hands as if to catch him, so real and 'unstagy' was the act, even to men and women used to all the gymmastic and acrobatic business of their art. Poor Frank Murdock, who, although a good actor, found his best road to fame as the author of 'Davy Crockett,' the piece that made Frank Mayo rich and celebrated, came near giving rungle his herebook and in the control himself, 'for,' said Joo, 'if my mind is taken off of the fall in performance of the act. Nagle had noticed Frank's great nervousness on several occasions, and had warned him to control himself, 'for,' said Joo, 'if my mind is taken off of the fall, under particularly exciting circumstances. Murdock stood near him, and, as he afterward said, when he saw that lug form of Nagle, and, instead of coming own of the stage with a his peak and the stage with a his peak an

wagons, army teams, and private carriages pushing along as fast as possible, when I jumped into an army wagon to which was attached four horses. The driver was in his saddle on the night wheel horse, and seemed to head the the matter wery coulty but I had saddle the matter wery coulty but I had saddle the matter wery coulty but I had should be the matter wery coulty but I had should be able to read the saddle and the teamster was hard struck by it. He got down and the wagon and the wheel horses at the side of the wagon and the wheel horses at the side of the wagon and the wheel horses at the side of the wagon and the wheel horses at the side of the wagon and the wheel horses at the side of the wagon and the wheel horses at the side of the wagon and the wheel horses at the side of the wagon and the wagon from a wagon filled with hospital stores. As I had a can under each "rm I could not guide the horse, but he trotted along in the crowd for half a mile, until, as we descended a hill, I saw ahead of me a causeway, a carriage turned around across the road, and six or eight men in line in front of the carriage. Not catching on to what was up, and still holding to the cans, my horse kept his place until Zach Chandler selzed him by the bits and called out to me:

Young man, take that horse back over the hill; he belongs to the Government."

I saw guns in the hands of the citizens, heard them shouting and swearing at the soldiery, and then let fail the cans and turned the horse was a great shout and I looked around to see the vallant Crongressmen driving north at full speed. Their effort to stop the retreat didn't least five minutes. As they sprang into their carriage the soldiers selsed the wheels to hold them, and two or three attempted to secure a free ride. The New Jersey regiment occupied the causeway, but opened ranks to let the tide through, and many of the men fung down their muscles of the or as a proposed of the party of the minutes. Had Chandler, and their crowd delayed another minute they would have schem Soling man, take that horse back over the hill: he belongs to the Government. I saw guns in the hands of the citizens, heard them shouting and awearing at the soldiers, around. I had not gone 300 feet when there was a great shout and I looked around to see the valiant Grongressmen driving north at full paped. Their effort to stop the reirrest didn't paped. Their effort to stop the reirrest didn't great the soldiers esized the wheels to hold around a state of the causeway, but opened ranks to let the tide through, and many of the men fung down their muskets and joined in the flight.

On three different occasions stere its2 I met in Chandler, and received the language of the pair through to washington side by side flat the case of five or siz citizens seeking to cheek it. Houde to washington side by side flat the same of the private solid be expected of the private solids of troops the first through to washington to have pair the index of floors were tearing off their cover delayed another minute they would have been ramped into the earth. Every man felt that washington of the private solid be expected of the private solids of the private solids to the same arms of the washington solids and tore the splittener from a beat tree. Ball muskell, wade, Chandler, and other sivilens were into brook and a masses of states and single-bond bassade.

The Congressional erowd wast out to Bull must be see the rable to see its of the control of the private solids manuscript, a case belonging to some very into the private solids manuscript, a case belonging to some tide of the private solids and tore the splittener from a beat tree. Ball must be seen the splittener from a beat tree. Ball must be seen the splittener from a beat tree. Ball must be seen the splittener from a beat tree. Ball must be seen the splittener from a beat tree. Ball must be seen the splittener from a beat tree. Ball must be see

HR TRAPPED GRIEBLIAS.

An Old New Yorker's Mountainesses of Sport "I read with a great deal of interest the story about grissly bears in last Sunday's SUN," said Capt. Ira Benson of the tugboat Lily, "for it carried me back to sornes among the Bocky Mountains thirty years and more ago, when that region was an almost unknown country to Eastern people. I have hunted and trapped the grissly bear scores of times, and if any one thinks there isn't peril as well as exetement in the sport let him go out in the griewy's country and try his hand at it. I know that the grissly bear, next to the Indian, was the unliest en tomer, thirty years ago, that the hunter, miner or prospector had to deal with. The Indian in all these years, but I don't believe the advance of civilization has added one lots to the

awestness of the bear's temper.
"In the days I speak of we used to think there was more danger in trapping the grizzly have then there was in chasing him with the rifle. I dare say from most of my old hunting grounds the grizzly bear was driven long ago, and probably the method of trapping these monsters has changed since then. Our traps used to be ponderous fron implements, weighing between forty and fifty pounds, and with ateal jaws worked by springs so stiff that it required two men, using a lever, to force them down so the jaws of the trap could be set and lighting his particularly appreciative andieness conscribed in the West where he was a many above the average molecularment performent and with the effective book fall to hear former, and with the effective book fall to hear former, and with the effective book fall to hear the effect of the effe held open by the easily sprung pan. To the trap a strong chain was attached, with an iron ring six inches in diameter at the other end. This ring was driven on to one end of a log probably six feet in length, and large enough

BARBED WIRE IN LAW.

A Celt Milled by Contact with a Pence, and a Sult in Coasequance.

From the Albany Times.

THE BEAR WAS ABIABLE.

But John Crawford Disturbed It, with Damaging Secution to Missoull FIRRER'S MILLS, Pa., Jap. 14.—It having been reported that Spruce Swamp, a dense growth of evergreens and underbrush three miles from this settlement, in the north Pennsylvania lumber woods, was literally overrun with rabbits, John Crawford and John Slater, employees of the Fisher Lumber Company went out early on Christmas Day to have a rabbit hunt. They found the game fully as abundant as had been reported, and having bagged a large number of rabbits, they sat down on a log to eat their luncheon before in-duiging any further in the sport. They had finished their luncheon and were enjoying a quiet smoke, when their dog, a small yellow whiffet, began to bristle up and growl. The hunters looked in the direction that seemed to attract the attention of the dog, and were startled to see a bear sitting on its haunches on a little rise of ground, not more than thirty paces distant.

It was eyeing the two hunters impudently,
but manifested no hostile incidently. In fact,
according to Stater it appears to supplying
the proximity of the two men, and acted as though it might join the group if invited. It was only when the dog snapped and snarled louder than usual that the fbear showed any avidence of annoyance. Blater was for seeking some other part of the woods at once and leav-ing the amiable but cheeky bear in peaceful possession of that particular spot, but Craw-ford, after recovering from the start the dis-covery of the bear had given him, was inclined to resent the intrusion on their siests, and expressed his latention to load bruin with shot.
"He's near enough for me to wing him with

the shot we're using, if they are small," said Orawford. "He'il run, anyhow, as soon as he bears the gun. Bears are terrible cowards." Crawford prepared to give the bear a salute, notwithstanding the protests of his companion. Seeing that Crawford was bound to fire, Slater began to pick out an easy direction in which to seek other parts.

"Hold on," sald Crawford. "I'll give him a load in his nose, and then just watch him run." The bear had not moved, and the deady intent of the confident hunter had not affected its amiable manner in the least.

"Now watch him run!" said Crawford, pulling up and blazing away at the bear's nose, and bruin did run. But not the way Crawford ealepisted on. The bear ran directly toward the hunters. They both dropped their guns, and it was but the work of a few seconds for Crawford to shin it up one tree and for Slater to find the branches of another. The bear made directly for Crawford's tree, and got under it just as the misiaken hunter reached the lower branch and was pulling himself up in it. The branch broke, and Crawford fell ten feet, and struck with his back across the back of the branch broke, and Crawford it seems weighing 180 pounds, and that weight falling from such a height on the bear knocked it flat on the ground. It was such an unswetted incident to the bear tint it seemed to fill the animal with alarm, and without waiting to pay any attention to the hunter, it crawfed out from under him and hurried away into the woods as rapidly as it could. The dog fied at the first charge of the bear, and has not been seen since.

Slater, in his tree saw that Crawford did not get up, but lay groaning where he had dropped. Slater hurried to his assistance. Crawford was so badly hurt in his spine that he was unable to rise, and his weight was such that his companion was unable to sid him, and was obliged to come all the way into the Mills for assistance. Grawford iny under the tree for an hour and a half. Dr. Graves of Springville, who was called, says that Crawford Crawford prepared to give the bear a salute.

A YARN BY THE ULD SAILOR.

While the Old Sailor sat on the stringpiece of a South street pier, one sunny day last week and meditatively watched the men who were tine bound for some West India port, the cook Old Sailor sai, and, pouring a lot of greasy water out of a big dishpan, placed the edge of the pan on the rail while he wiped the inside of it with a weatherbeaten piece of old canvas. He was a powerfully built negro, with a big mouth and large eyes, which he rolled down at the Old Sailor, winking one of them in a way that would have made an end man in a min-

thom days the darkies used to get lessons in navigation from their determines the point of the compass to steer for, and when they reached water to lay low till they got a chance ter cross it, and so git from the land of the free to the land of liberty fer colored folks. As I was a sayin, we was gettin, a load of shucks not far from Black River, which it's ferninat Oberlin, what was a landin place where the runswars was taken care on to some extent. We was just the busy the control of the control

BUCORNIFUL BULTING.

Party Discipline, and do Results.

Ex-Senator Windom, who still keeps his legal residence in Minnesots, though much of his time is spent in New York, has been urged to enter the canvass for the Senatorship in Minnesota next month. He refuses to do so for one ostensible, and for another sentimenta reason. He asserts that McMillan ought to be reflected, and that, though McMillan was once the beneficiary of a post, there ought to be no bolting against the Senator. The other reason is that Mr. Windom contemplates with satisfaction the prospect of beating Senator Sabin two years bence, as Sabin did him four years ago. Mr. Windom thinks that the Republican party has suffered sufficiently from bolting, and that the most rigorous and unrelenting discipline should hereafter be dealt to those who engineer successfully or unsuccessfully a be from an important caucus nominate—like that for United States Senator, and he has been in the habit of pointing out some of the diagstrous someous et the practice of boltung which has been no easily tolerated in the party for ten reason. As the ex-Senator presents it, there do seem to be rather sad supplementary results, and in his opinion nothing but the appendid and strip party disdiagstrous comeananges of the practice of bolung which has been so easily tolerated in the party for ten reason. As the ex-Senator to presents it, there do seem to be rather sad supplementary results, and in his opinion nothing but the splendid and strict party discipline of the Democratic organisation, which regards bolting as treason, has kept the party from disintegration during its darkest days.

Bolting caucus nominations for Senator began in Connecticut in 1872. Gen. Hawley was then nominated without opposition by the Republicans, but there were some fifteen or twenty Republicans who did not attend the caucus. They boited, and they beat Hawley.

The result was that Connecticut, which had for sixteen years never failed to return a Republican Legislature, was for five years as surely Democratic as Kentucky, and in that time three Democrate were sent to the Senator. Eaton, Baraum, and English, Then, in 1874. The result was those memorable boits in the northwestern tier of States, to which, in Mr. Windom's colinion, the gradual declination of Republican strength there is due. In Michigan, one of the banner Republican States, there was revolt against Zaoh Chandler. He was a biuff and stern disciplinarias, but he made his party too the mark. He was renominated easily enough for Senator, but a sufficient number of Republican members to prevent his selection, joined in a boit. They were men of some nerve, for all the presented of Republican members to prevent his selection, joined in a boit. They were men of some nerve, for all the presented of Republican members to prevent his selection, joined in a boit. They were men of some nerve, for all the presented of Republican members to prevent his selection, joined in a boit. They were men of some nerve, for all the presented of Republican members to prevent his selection, joined in a boit. They were men of some nerve, for all the presented of Republican members to prevent his selection, joined in a boit. They were men of some nerve, for all the presented of the prove there followed those memorable bolts in the northwestern tier of States, to which, in Mr. Windom's opinion, the gradual declination of Republican strength there is due. In Michigan, one of the banner Republican States, there was revoit against Zach Chandler. He was a biust and stern disciplinarias, but he made his party too the mark. He was renominated easily enough for Senator, but a sufficient number of Republican members to prevent his election, joined in a bolt. They were men of some nerve, for all the pressure of Chandler's great political and social influence, and all the threats and expostulations of Republican leaders were raised against them, but they budged not, and so had their way and elected Judge Christiance, who made a wretched termination of a career that was most raspectable when he was on the bench. From that day, Mr. Windom has pointed out, Republicanism began to decline in Michigan until of late it has hean thought one of the doubtful States, Then across the Jake, he Wisconsin, the boiting coldemic got a foothold. Much as the masses of Republicans there admired the brilliant talonts of Matt Carpenter, and proud as they were of the republican this man had won throughout the country, yet there were a dozan or so members of the Legislature ready to bolt his nomination for a reciection to the Senate, and these were sufficient to prevail against such a greatly desired consummation. The brilliant Carpenter was beaten by a pleasant-faced, genial, but in no way brilliant La Crosse lawyer, Angus Cameron, and Republicanism began to decline in Wisconsin. Then across the Mississinpi, in Minnesota, there were a sufficient number of Republicans found who were willing to bott Senator Ramsey's caucus nomination to defeat him. They elected Judge McMillan, who has distinguished himself in the Senate by the most humble servitude to corporate interests, and a tremendous enthusiasm for big River and Harbor bills, and since that day hir. Windom, who, by the way, is a great respectar of Renator McMillan's mental a

that would have made an end man in a minstrel show turn green with envy. The Old
Sailor smoked his pipe serenely for a moment.
and then said:

"I don't mind his imperence. I reckon he
thought I'd be that mad I'd try to knock seven
bells outen him, but I wasn't. Fact is, I've a
kinder soft spot for niggers, and allus had. I
mind once, when I was younger nor I am now
by about thirty-five years, being into a wee
schooner what was carryin' shucks and lumber and what not from ports about Lake Erie
to Buffalo. Rum days those on fresh water,
Yer orter jist ship on to one o' them hookers
now, though times ain't what thoy uster be. In
them days this darkies used to get lessons in
the party-responds the post of the senate. It is
somewhat remarkable that none of those who
were the beneficiaries of these boilts gained
much of reputation after entering the Senate.
Ferry died two years later: Christiancy was a
choper in the Senate, and the subject of unmuch of reputation after entering the Senate. Ferry died two years later: Christiancy was a cipher in the Senate, and the subject of unpleasant domestic gossip; Angus Cameron quitted the Senate without leaving the slightest impress of his character upon it; Mitchell's career there has been a very blank one, and Sabin was distressed by business misfortunes early in his career, and has in no way justified the impression of his abilities which preceded him to Washington. McMillian alone was reflected, but seems now to have a shadowy chance for a third term.

PATTI'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

The Little Niece to whom She will Give Crais-v-Nos as a Wedding Gift.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. In an interview with Mme. Carlo Patti resterday some very interesting facts were cleaned in regard to the lovely prima donna, Patti-Nicolini, as she loves to call herself, as well as further information concerning her plans for the little New Orleans niece, who has so recently had a fairy-like future opened.

Patti-Nicolial, as she loves to call berself, as well as further information concerning her plans for the little New Orleans niece, who has so recently had a fairy-like future opened.

It seems that while Adelina was at the St. Charles Hotel she took all the necessary steps for securing a pretty daughter. A notary public was sent for and papers drawn, up ostablishing her lead right to the little Carlina, fencillar, formally adopted her borther Carlo's child, making her as far as law is concerned her own. In this document she states that from this time forth she, Adelian, is responsible for the young girl's future.

To the mother, who for her daughter's own welfars is giving her only child up, Mmc. Patti gives every assurance of her tender and loving oars. She said that no expense should be spared to make Carlina a cuttivated, brilliant woman. Already an accomplished laily is engaged to traval with the party as governess for the young lady. She will have masters to finish her in the languages and music.

But as for singing, said the celebrated cantarice, turning and patting her alcost affectionately on the shoulder, that I shall attend to myself. I intend, if you develop a voice, to allow no one to train it save myself. Won't we have a good time, too, at Craig-y-nos, warbling like two birds together?

There is one point, however, on which Mmc. Patti insists, and that is that Carlina shall give no thought to the stage. In fact, she satted positively that except with the greatest me and women of the profession her nicce should have no intercourse. Possibly she fears the strong strain of artistic blood that must course through the young girl's velon.

Another subject on which the diva spoke emphatically was that Carlina should never be forced into a mercenary marriage. Her own painful experience with her aristocratic and titled husband, the Marquis de Caux, would teach her to guard the newly should reper her and the pattern of a patting with the profession of a cutwelgh half adopted her page.

Another subject on wh

PHILOSOPHER AND WAITER GIRL He had Sized Up the Young Women with

From the Seston Second.

He was stout, of medium height, about 50 years old, ruddy face, gray eyes, fron-gray bair and chin whisker, and with a prominent nose upon the extreme tip of which was balanced a pair of steel-rimmed eyegiasses, through which

he peered at the bill of fare.

She, the waitress, was slight and fragile; her face was pale, her hair flaxen, her eyes light blue, her voice so low that it seemed as if it were modulated so that the sound of it should not startle its owner, her manner timid and shrinking; a creature to be passed, and one whom it seemed that a sudden gust of wind would blow aways a harsh word kill. She was not the tysted perk saucy, smart, "mashable" not the ty

White girl.

She glided sliently up to the table and laid the writer's obeck upon it as noiselessly as a cat. "H'm." said the philosopher, studying the bill of fare, "do you suppose-But the girl was off like a fiash before he could complete the sentence.

"H'm" grunted he, "she doesn't s'pose nothin".

mirers, and scinifers means lovers, in I a lover means a nusband.

And so she acts all ther time as if she were saying: 'I'm an amstoor: I ain't a perfeshonal; this is only a steppin' stone: I ain't doin' this ter earn my livin'. It's just like a dog, a cat, and a mouse.

"Yer take a Skys tarrier and say ter him. 'Here, I've got er mouse for yer,' and he'il grab it quick as er flash, and vor can't stop him. But yer let a cat have er mouse under a chair and to tryin' to git at it, and yer come up and try to poke the mouse out from under ther chair for her, and Lord! off she goes and hides in a haymow in yer nabur's barn."

THE GENESIS OF POKER.

It was Twenty-deck Poker Forty Years Ago

"Man and boy," said an old sporting man, "I've known the game of poker for forty-five years, and have seen the most of its growth. When it originated I can't tell you, but it is an American improvement on the game of brag In brag three cards are dealt to each player, and in the valuation of the cards there are more hands of equal rank, so that really there is not so much chance for bluffing as at poker.

"Twenty-deck poker came first in the order of time, when all the cards below the ten were discarded from the pack. Only four could play it, and it was the liveliest game you ever saw. Then came full-deck straight poker, and that was rather a slow game. Draw poker was evolved out of straight about the year 1845. It is said to have originated on the Mississippi River, the happy thought of some gambler, who saw how the game might be improved on and at the same time afford greater facilities for cheating. As soon as knowledge of this game spread around it became very popular. It was lively, and it afforded chances for blufflour, and in the old days the biggest pocketbook and the best nerve raked in the pile. That was in accordance with the old rule of brag. Then a rule sprang up that a man should be allowed a sight for his money when he had his last cent up. Finally the rule of table stakes came into vogue about the close of the war. The sule was decided the piley and claim a sight with money still in their pocket. If they got beat they would to protect themselves, for men would often play and claim a sight with money still in their pocket. If they got beat they would get up, take a walk around the block, perhaps, and then come back and st in again. With 'table stakes' every player knows exactly what sach man's pile is for any given hand, and can gauge his play accordingly. Four aces were the best hand at 'draw' for a great many years, and it is only about fifteen years since straight flushes took procedence of four aces. With this last improvement the game seems to have reached perfection. No man can hold a hand now that is sure to win,

because, though highly improbable, there can be several hands out of the highest, yet of equal value.

Stud ooker is an old game, for I knew it played in New York thirty rears ago, but it is only of late years it has come into much prominence in the West. Out in the mountains it became very popular as a banking game, and it is dealt in that way in this city in nearly all the gambling houses. The rake off is enough to ruin all the mayers that can sit into it.

Yes, sir, I've seen some pretty hig games, and have played in some of them. The biggest game I was ever in was in Nevada eight or ten years ago. There were half a dozon players, and the ante was 460 three \$20 gold pieces. Nothing but gold on the table. After playing a few hours the ante would be \$100 and I have often seen as high as \$15,000 on the table, all in coin. That game lasted three weeks, and two or three of the players got the most of the money. It was a game of professionals, 'diamend cut diamond.' I don't remember any specially noteworthy hands. It was just a dead, hard pull, and I got my share.

"There was a bigger game than that once in San Francisco, when \$400 was the 'ante,' but I was not in that. It was an illionaire's game."

AN UNPARALLELED LYNCHING. The Victim's Murderers Hear his Confession,

Pray for Him, and Hang Him. Saturday night a notice was left at the Saturday night a notice was left at the jail, stating that Sanders would be lynched on the following night, and that Mr. Ivis and his family, who live in the jail, and the prisoners need feel no slarm, that no harm was intended to any one but handers. About 9 o'clock on Sunday night little squads of men were seen collecting on the aquare, and at 10% a large body of mounted men rods into town. They haited with the head of the column near Tabor's atore, and ast for some time silent and motionless as an army of spectres. The purpose for which they haited, whatever it may have been, having been accomplished, they moved pff in the direction of the jail. Only a portion of the crowd entered the jail, angre number, probably the majority, remaining with the horses. They were mot at the jail door by Sheriff McConnoil, who remonstrated with them without avail. Sanders was tied, brought out of the jail, taken up behind one of the men, and the party moved off. At the forks of the road, a mile and a quarter northeast of Carnesville, the party haited and built a large fire, and decided the fate of their prisoner. They acted through a committee, An coportunity was given Banders to make a statement, which was as follows:

I killed swilling because he chosed me two weeks ago. Sastiel Kimball had nothing to do with the killine, but we had saiked about it, and sha knew of it. We had no restead where John was asleed. He was trying on his right ables and I struck him with the edge of the axe. Mrs. Swilling raised up in the bed and halloed, "O Lerd, span" I struck hear on the top of the head with the blade of the axe. They both struggled, but neither appear after it struck hear. About that time the baby cried, and I killed it will an act the bed where fine him and a count of the base after it struck hear. About in the the down of the head with the blade of the axe. About that time the baby cried, and I killed it was a set halloed the best found not leave the lease after the killing was over. My consolessee would tel tee mago. iall, stating that Sanders would be lynched on

house and ran against the door. I could not leave the plane after the killing was over. My consciouse would not let may.

After making this statement he requested some one to pray for him. Young Mr. Hunnicut and consented to pray for him and requested all persons present who were willing to pray for the prisoner to kneel down. No one knelt then but when Mr. Hunnicut and the prisoner knelt the entire crowd joined them. Later on he again asked some one to pray for him, when Mr. Ivie prayed, the crowd again kneeling with them. The preparations were by that time complete, the rope was fastened around his neck, he was pleaded on a mule which was led under the tree to which he was to be hung. He stood on the mule's back while the rope was being fastened above, and prayed in a breken, disjointed prayer. Among the last things he said was that Hachel Kimbell had nothing to do with the killing. While he was praying the mule was led from under him and he died without a struggle. The crowd left his body hangling, but it was moved helore morning.

The company numbered over a hundred. No one was disguised and ne effort was made at concealment. It was composed of stanch sitizens. There was not the slightest desanaded the immediate execution of Sanders.

A TESSEL TO BE PROUD OF. The Schooner Wis. W. Converse, Newly Built

The loftlest spars at the South street piers below Wall street yesterday were the three masts of the new schooner William W. Converse, fresh from Hansoom's yard at New Haven, where she was isunched on Dec. 15. An examination of the Converse shows the wenderful progress made in the construction of oasting vessels in the last few years. Although under the present rules of measurement the Converse registers at 708 tons, she will carry 1,200 tons of cargo, quite as much as the square-rigged ships of a few years ago and fully as much as the average bark of the present time. She does this on a draught of 15% feet of water, and she needs a grew of only nine men, all told, or about one-half the number carried by a bark. She is 180 feet long on deck, 37 feet 8 inches wide, and 18 feet deep. She was med-elled by Warren Nettleton, and her owners, among whom is William Converse, President of the Winchester Arms Company, assert that she will not only outcarry but outsail the coast-

she will not only outcarry but outsail the coasting fleet every day in the week. An examination of her lines and a look at the amount of cargo she carries show that there is some foundation for the confidence of her owners. Besides this, she is as handsome.

The dimensions of a vessel of this kind are not uninter-sting. Her spars are from 91 to 93 feet long. Her topmasts 56 cet. Her spanker boom is 70 feet long, and her jibboom 60. The fore and main booms are 48 feet, and all gaffs 46. It required 5,000 yards of canvas to clothe her. Her frames are white oak and chestnut, and she is celled and planked with yellow plue. As a sample of her attength it may be said that from the bottom of her keel to the top of her keelson the logs are piled up sight feet high. It took ten tons of bolts to hold them together. She is the second vessel fitted with the patent tubular steering wheel, which is a model of attength and beauty.

The Converse is noticeable for her finish as well as her strength. The mouldings and

She is the second vessel fitted with the patent tubular steering whoel, which is a model of atrength and beauty.

The Converse is noticeable for her finish as well as her strength. The mouldings and panels of her cabin are in cherry, walnut, and ash, beautifully contrasted. The floors are carreeted with Oriental rugs an inch thick. There is a set of solid sliver on the sideboard and no end of rich and beautiful decorations about the bulkheads. The curtains before the berths are of silk and the furniture of the after cabin is upholatered in silk also. The house forward is divided between the cook and the crew. Although Jack will have no silk curtains before his bunk, he will find a lot of comforts which he seldom finds in coasters and which he will like much better than silk hangings.

The Converse is commanded by Capt. James M. Beaman, a Saville man. In all matters pertaining to the handling of the ship he is the boss, but it is pretty plain to a visitor that in domestic matters his handsome little daughter, lique, a inssic of 11 years, is the ruler. Capt. Beaman formerly commanded the Tingue, a famous schooner, and little Maude salled more thousands of miles in her than she is years old. Maude helped launch the Converse by broaking the wine over the knight heads in the presence of 5,000 enthusiante spectators. The statsroom which this young sailor girl calls her own is as large as the Captain's and quite as landsomely decorated,

A freiond of Capt, Seaman told a reporter that

her own is as large as the Captain's and quite as handsomely decorated.

A friend of Capt. Symman told a reporter that the Convorse cost \$38,000, a figure that compares with the cost of a square-rigged vessel of equal capacity in a way likely to make old-fishioned ship owners open their eves. The Tingue, which Capt. Seaman commanded last, paid 12 per cent. net profit while he was in her. The Converse is expected to do rather better, in spite of the hard times. One reason for expecting this good fortune, the Captain says, is that he found unward of sixty horseshoes while superintending her construction, and he picked them all up and stowed them away. He never passes a derelict horseshoe. He owns one-eighth of the new vessel.

PRIVATE RACE TRACKS.

An Alleged New Game, which is Said to be

Frasor has the most beautiful set of bachele or apartments on Madison square, and when elor apartments on Madison square, and when the square state of the child in the partments, but he has the most desired in as chaperone. Fraser not only has beautiful and well appointed race-course game, which and well appointed race-course game, which is an ow become so wildly popular in New York society, and whose chief merit, to put it frank it, as far as I can see, is that it is the only gambling game I know of where the bank takes equal chances with the players and does not inevitably come out ahead.

It consists of a thin board about 6 feet long by 4 wide, covered with rich brown morocod. It consists of a thin board about 6 feet long by 4 wide, covered with rich brown morocod. It consists of a thin board about 6 feet long by 4 wide, covered with rich brown morocod. It consists of a thin board about 6 feet long by 4 wide, covered with rich brown morocod. It is that artie was playing there alone when he was buried and suffocated his mass buried advances another theory to account for the bury-for a portion of the sank at the bury-for a portion of the sank at the only a hurry for the property thirty-four rears ago in the property thirty-four rears ago in the property thirty-four rears and on the form of the bury-for and in the form of the bury-for was ported in the form of the bury-for was played to the child in the form of the child in the form of the child in the form of the sank at the child in the form of the child From the Philadelphia Press.

stable he represents, and on an ivory tablet which hangs over the door of each stable is painted the name of the three horses, their distinguishing colors and the colors of the stable.

My three horses, for example, were named respectively Bob Tail Flush, Lame Duck, and The Ghost, and were respectively a brown, a bay, and a white; while the colors of my stable were white cap and jackets with red each. Anna Hall's three horses were called Spider-Wort, Arty, and Dectors, respectively, and her colors were marcon and red. Fraser had prepared programmes for about fifty races, which are beautifully printed on pads, and which allow for a series of six to be run at each meeting. He calls the meeting the Union Nauare Jockey Club, and to each of us who are original members of the club he has presented, the men with a silver button with a monogram, and the girls a silver four-leaf clover with their initials. Each person playing is given one of these programmes and a little score card on which to enter their own and competing horses and to figure up their gains and losses. Fraser offers a purse for each race from \$2 up to \$10. Wu play the game as follows:

Having sat down, each at an appointed place around the table, Fraser announces the first race, and we declare our entry for this and those to follow. We are each given \$10 worth of ivory chips and four dice and a holder. The first race on Wainasday ayaning. I ramember it well, was a flat one of half a mile; that is, Fraser placed the finish flags at No. 75. Anna Hall entered her horse Arty, Pussy her horse Patriarch: Fraser, Temple Court: Hypatia Powers her horse Denny, and I entered The Ghost. The purse was \$2 and we each gave twenty-five cents entry. As I was on Fraser's right I threw the dice first, throwing twelve and outting my house on this number; Anna Hall came next and threw three sixes, whereupon Arty sent to eighteen. After we had each thrown the dice first, throwing twelve indicating, he passed the trace from one first during the autumn and spring, is culting

The Vigil of a Paishful Pug.

The Vigit of a Falshful Fug.

From the Lendon Felegraph.

Mr. G. P. Wyatt held an inquest yeaterday morning. Dec 31, at Camberwell, on the body of Mr. Frank Morsan, an independent gentinan, lately residing at 1 Vort place. Fetcham road, who was found dead under a rallway arch at Municuol, on Wednesday.

Mr. Arthur theorya Morsan, an independent gentleman, identified the body as that of his brother, who was 28 years of sge. Deceased left home on Tuesday evening after dishing, and was not again seen alive. He took a small pug dog with him.

Ucorge Juhn Winter, a lad, deposed that see Wednesday incrining he with some friends was passing along a footpath leading from Runbead to Brockley. A ansali pug for with him.

Ucorge Juhn Winter, a lad, deposed that see Wednesday incrining he with some friends was passing along a footpath leading from Runbead to Brockley. A ansali pug of the leading from Runbead to Brockley. A ansali pug of the leading from Runbead to Brockley. A small pug of the leading from Runbead to Brockley. A small pug of the leading from Runbead to Brockley. A small pug of the leading from Runbead to Brockley. A small pug of the leading from Runbead to Brockley. A small pug of the leading from Runbead to Brockley. However, a small pug of the leading from the leading fro

THE PATE OF A LOST CHILD. A Singular Discovery in a Sand Lot at Sad

From the San Prancisco Chro Yesterday men who were employed by C. S. Carter were hauling away the sand for building purposes, when one of them was startled by the discovery of a skull encased in a straw hat, which had been presend by the earth into the shape of a bonnet. The horrifled workman dropped his shovel, and calling to his companions, informed them, with bated breath, that a woman was buried in the sand. The bonnet-shaped form of the hat led him to believe the remains were those of a woman. After a hurried consultation the news of the ghastly discovery was telephoned to the Morgue. The Coroner lost no time in reaching the place, and he at once saw that the skull was that of a child and not of a grown person, as had been supposed by the discoverers. He sand uncovered to view the skeleton of a child.

The lot was but a short distance away from

where the Frazers lived at the time of their boy Artie's disappearance in April isst. It flashed upon the Coroner that the remains were those of the lost boy. The blees of clother in gound around the bones were carrefully proceed on the control of the control o

and went to see the first American production of Gibert & Sullivan's opera. "The Pirates of Penzance." Being an admirer of pretty women and pretty music, the performance caught him, and he was especially taken with the song, "I Am a Pirate King." He hummed the air between the acts and between cloves until be had it down pat. It was on his lips when he left the theatre after the performance, and the melody welled up from his broad chest as he dropped into a well-known resort and encountered a number of professional friends. There was Ned Harrigan. Nat Goodwin, Ned Thorne, and other choice spirits, and to them Mr. Wattersen lauded the new opera and chased shatches of the "Pirate King" through his puckered lips. Soon a modest game was suggested, and the custodian of the star-eved goddess of reform willingly consented to take a hand. Luck was not with him at the start, and the stack in front of him dwindled perceptibly. He warbied his favorite song, but the melody brought no substantial solice.

Pretty soon there was a jack pot. The editor picked up his hand, slid the squeezers past his good eye, and began to softly whistin the "Pirate King." Ned and Nat investigated and stayed in. Thorne dropped out. Tony Hart, who was dealing, remained in with the others, Nat bot ion, and Harrigan saw him. Then Mr. Watterson passed his c rds in review before his valuable ontic musically declared himself a pirate king, and showed up a \$20 stack. Tony Hart gazed at him searchingly over his hand, saw the twenty, and held his Drath. Nat and Harrigan passed out, while Hilly Barry shifted to the other foot, and began to take a deep interest in the fun, Watterson passed out, while Hilly Barry shifted to the other foot, and began to take a deep interest in the fun, watterson beseed." The man with the melody and the uncertain vision hoisted him a blue stack. Tony eloked at him aginst, and the five cards passed by in single file. Acain the sir which had charmed the Louisville editor footad upon the atmosphere, and he shunted two blue stack

CONVICTS COMMIT MURDER.

Prisoners in the Juli at Waterlee, N. Y. Kill John Walters and Nearly Escape, From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicie.

From the Rocketter Democrat and Chronicle.

WATERLOO, Jan. 10,—Edward Caldwell and Charles Johnson, who are confined at Waterloo on a charge of horse stealing, on Sunday afternoon worked secretly at digging a hole through the north brick wall of the tall, and had succeeded in removing all but one tier of brick. To provent discovery they had placed a washboard so as to conceal their work. They had also takes a case kaife, and, having notched it, had succeeded in sawing off the shackles from their ankies. Marcus Fiske, who is awailing the action of the Grand Jury for stealing money from ex-Senator Evans, had also removed the shackles from one of his logs.

In the evening at 6% o'clock the Bheriff, with John Walters, his hired man, and Policeman John Cronia, want to lock the prisoners in their cells for the night. Walters entered the jail first and the Sheriff hung back a moment to overhear what the prisoners should say about him, as he was an object of their special spite. Hardly had Walters atsped into the jail when he was struck a murderous blow with a heavy slove wrench in the hands of Johnson. The old man fell and was pounced upon and kicked brutally by the prisoners.

Sheriff Lerch and Officer Cronia received is heavy blow on the head and the Sheriff was served similarly. Unfortunately, the latter did not have his revolver ready. The hammer of the was unable to draw it. But so effectively did the two make his revolver ready. The hammer of the was brushed and locked in their cells. That prisoner Fisks made no attack, but stood ready to make his escape at the first chance. A stiff Derby felt hat which the Sheriff wore was brushed was fractured and his body terribly bruised. He died Monday afternoon. Upon the new of his death, the public excitement was keeping and the shedy they have saved him from terrible loture. John Walters's body terribly bruised. He died Monday afternoon. Upon the new of his death, the public excitement was keeping and the shedy terribly bruised.